

Planes

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Planes

by [JSparks](#)

Summary

Just a clarification, these are just personas I am very aware that real life people and they're online personas are very different. Everything is in good fun, if this isn't your thing then that's perfectly fine.

Please read tags.

Chapter 1

"So Dream which youtuber would you do the Frick-Frack with for a million." Sapnap asked.

"I'd do pewdiepie for 3 tictacs and a ball of lint." Dream sighed. Badboyhalo, Sapnap and I all burst out laughing, I was close to tears and the conversation continued on. The conversation between me and Dream would get sexual sometimes but I would just play it off, he's a flirty guy.

In a commentator like voice Sapnap asked, "Dream! Will you be wearing socks during the act?"

"Yes, we will also pray to Ninja beforehand and say No Homo after."

The giggles continued as we played a casual game of Minecraft manhunt. Dream lost 1 to 3 due to Bad making an amazing trap. I mean I had thought about Dream being liking guys before... *Nope, George it's time to stop were just gonna put a pin in that and come back to it never.*

I always kind of knew that I liked dudes, It wasn't hard to figure out and luckily I grew up in a place where that wasn't stifled. I'm bisexual and I would never deny it but it's not something I just go around telling people.

It never really came up with the Dream Team, If any of us were filming we kept it pg. And even off camera it was mostly dicking around doing mundane tasks.

The more I started to think about it the more Clay seemed to be flirting with me particularly.

Me and Clay were filming a new challenge video, all the blocks were animated and I was hunting Dream. The animation on the blocks made me want to throw up but I looked for a cave anyway. A bit of silence came, then Dream started, "George tell me you love me."

"No leave me alone." I whispered.

"George! I cannot believe you don't love me."

"Leave me alone!"

"Come here!" Dream screamed and from out of no where he started chasing me, "Tell me you love me or I'm killing you."

"No! You look like a mad man." Eventually I escaped him and we continued on.

Of course, Dream won the challenge and jumped through the portal. We both ended up at the world's natural spawn point, "I hate you!" I screamed jumping around and eventually killing him.

He wheezed and laughed, "George I can't, my face hurts-"

"You are too good at this."

He just chuckled and sighed, "What can I say I have way too much time on my hands."

I groaned, I got way into the game sometimes. I mean it was a part of my life, it kept the lights on for me.

"Come here I wanna show you something." Dream beckoned.

"Ugh what do you want?"

I walked over to him in game and he threw a yellow flower at me. "There!" he babbled. We continued on and filmed another video.

Later we were live streaming on his twitch. "George, why don't you love me." he grumbled.

"Because you are annoying," I retorted planting seeds our farm. He came out the house crouched over and looking at the floor. 'Dream is baby and he demands your attention' the monotone donation reader said. "Oh my god. Dream, go inside you are so petty."

"You don't love me!" He cried.

"I don't hate you Dream."

"Yeah whatever. You don't even like my flowers."

"If I give you a flower will you stop being a baby?" I asked pretending to be annoyed.

"Yes!"

I picked a poppy quickly from the grass nearby and threw it at him.

This time we were playing simple hunger games, it was fun to get back to basics and be on a team hunting people instead of always hunting each other. "George comere'." He blurted.

"I can barely understand you Americans."

"Ol' that's not very spiffy!" He mocked in a bad British accent. "Come here I have a present."

"What do you want," I prodded.

"Look I have a flower for you," he beamed throwing me a poppy.

"Wow," I stated and took the flower from my hotbar and threw it on the ground.

"Do you like it?" He asked hopefully.

"I love it Dream," I chimed taking out my flint and steel lighting the block beneath the flower on fire.

"George! I cannot believe you! How could you do this to me?!" he yelled and I laughed in his face.

Dream and I were streaming and doing a small Q and A on the side. I was asking the questions as we ran around collecting things for our house. "George do you call Dream Clay when you guys are not recording?" I read aloud.

"George only calls me Clay when he's upset."

"Oh my god Dream shut up the question was for me!" I said annoyed.

"Then when do you can me Clay?!"

"... When I'm upset."

" Yeah that's what I thought."

"Clay I will come and kill you."

"Oh yeah you'll come alright."

"Dream!" I yelled, he's so flirty it's ridiculous. Clay only laughed in response and continued running around chopping wood. "Another question, who is the most bossy. It's Dream. Next question-"

"I beg to differ George is so bossy!"

"Dream we could literally argue all day about this, you end up getting what you want anyway."

"But-"

"Shut up."

"I'm offended and I'm deleting my channel."

"Drama King much."

"Carole Baskin, killed her husband, whacked 'em."

"God I hate you."

He laughed and I read the chat looking for another question. "Dream what do you do when your boyfriend George gets out of line? Oh my god first of all-"

"Yeah George what do I do when you get out of line." he wheezed.

"Firstly, I am not dating Dream because he is a tea pot in human form and dream does not wear the pants here!"

"Like H E double hockey sticks."

"He doesn't!" I whined.

We laughed some more and the rest of the questions were semi normal, except one.

"Dream, would you date George?" He read from the chat. "I mean George is looking like a snack I don't know who wouldn't."

"Shut up," I whispered. "Why are you like this."

"You are a whole meal George!"

I blushed and quickly changed the subject.

A flower, a goddamn flower George and your heart is racing? What is going on. I mean Clay is my best friend and he's so flirty with me and everything is so romantic but as a joke.

Its a dumbass fake plant in a video game, but it feels like more than that. I don't even know if he's gay or even bi like me.

I groaned and rolled over in my bed, every position was more uncomfortable than the last and each

side of the pillow was just as hot. I slapped the blankets away, sat up in my bed and rubbed both of my eyes in frustration. Why couldn't I get this dude out of my head?

One particularly late night me and Dream were on a Skype call, just shooting the shit while editing down our videos, different perspectives so we wanted them up at the same time. I decided I wanted my questions answered because I was getting so sick of having this crush and not being able to rid myself of it.

A crush.

Like a middle schooler.

Wow George we've really dropped off in recent years.

"What's with the flowers." I questioned.

"What do you mean?"

"Why do you keep giving me flowers and asking me to say I love you."

"Because your my Minecraft boyfriend duh."

It was a joke right? All of this a joke. The word boyfriend made his heart jump for joy but the word Minecraft in front of it made it shatter just as hard.

This isn't real George, he's probably not gay and he doesn't love you for real. He is just your friend who is fucking with you. He doesn't even know you like boys. I let out kind of a strangled laugh and continued on.

"Whats wrong? I can't love you anymore?" he asked.

Love.

That word again, a word he definitely didn't mean, don't be a fucking idiot.

"Nothing Dream."

"No what's wrong?" he prodded.

"I don't want to talk about it."

"You can talk to me about anything."

"Just stop talking."

"George-"

I pressed the end call button. The anxiety mixed with the pain was becoming unbearable, even the sound of his voice made me want cry because it all was just a joke to him. Nothing was real.

He called again, I stared at the answer call button. I wanted to just turn off my computer and fall asleep but that would be wrong, I need to deal with this. So I answered.

"Babe, what's wrong?" His face popped up on the screen with that Clay Smirk. The pet name was more like a stab in the eye than a real complement.

"I don't feel good."

"Mr. Stark?" he giggled.

"That's my point!"

"I'm sorry but the joke was there and-"

"Clay can you please stop talking in riddles and just say what you mean! I'm sick of this stop playing with me and playing with my emotions, if we were going to be friends that's fine but don't act like you haven't been flirting with me for months on end. I'm exhausted and I hate feeling like I love you and you will never love me back because you don't really care and it's all a GAME!" I snapped.

A pause came. I didn't think he would even respond. I kind of expected him to end the call and just forget it ever happened.

"George." he started, I could tell he was thinking. I can see the gears in his head turning. "I like you a lot, and I want to be more than friends and I joke around because I don't want to fuck anything up okay. I think about you almost every damn day and I can't get over it." He was talking so fast I could barely understand him.

He added, "I would swim across the ocean to see you if it means I could even see you face to face."

"Then why have you been playing games with me? The flowers, the beds, the flirting! I don't understand why you couldn't just say it."

"Because I'm scared George!"

"Scared of what!"

"I'm just scared of you because I like you so much if anything were to change I don't know what I'd do okay?! You make me so much better that even the thought of things ending sour, or us never being friends again makes me sick."

"I promise I will be your friend even if things don't work out. I want you no matter what form it's in because I love you!"

Clay took a pause, he had that look on his face whenever he's thinking really hard. Everything was like television static, my own heartbeat echoed inside my ears. Then Clay spoke, "I love you too."

I wanted to be as angry as I was a second ago but I couldn't, his voice was so soft. I just sighed and replied, "My god you are an idiot, we just had a screaming match and all you can come up with is I love you."

"You said it first."

"I-" I kind of stopped. It's like I almost didn't even know I said it, I mean I've jokingly said it before in a platonic way but now it was different. Everything was different. How could I not have even realized-

My thoughts were cut off by Clay speaking again speaking again. "George said it first!"

"Oh my god- you- I can't-" I sputtered.

"Okay, Okay George catch a breath! I'll be your boyfriend already." Dream said with a laugh.

"Dream you are unbelievable." I groaned putting my head into my hands.

"It's okay, bro, I'll be your boyfriend all you needed to do was ask."

Nsfw

It was kind of unreal, everything felt like a day dream, it didn't really feel like I was dating my best friend. The transition was a lot more natural than what I expected, but I still get so shy when he starts flirting with me and my heart still flutters when I get a text.

Dream: you down to Skype tonight?

Me: Sure

I set my phone back down on top the desk. My heart beats a little faster, he's my boyfriend why am I all shaky? I saw his incoming call and answered it., "It's you again."

"Well yeah, I'm the dumbass who's dating you."

"Really?" I sassed.

"I know right, so generous." Dream interjected. "How was your day?"

"Good, I finally finished the plug in for the terminator! He's absolutely terrifying. I think we should make some edits to him, like he needs to get blocks and we can kill him to send him back to spawn." I beamed. "If we do that challenge again with the adjustments we could definitely win."

I barely even noticed the grin Dream was giving me through the webcam, he was smiling like an idiot and holding on to every word I said. He's eyes looked all hazy and kind of... Lust filled? My face began to heat and I know my ears and cheeks were going red.

"How was your day?" I proposed leaving back in my chair. I never really thought about it before but sometimes I record in my sleep pants which were way to big on me.

I'm not wearing boxers.

The 4 words bounced around my cranium for about 15 seconds of complete panic. If anything were to happen I would be kind of screwed. I could move my camera... *But what's the fun in that? Oh my god George, get your head out of the gutter and worry about not getting hard for 5 minutes.*

"It was great really!" Dream exclaimed abruptly dragging me out of my thoughts. He was sitting in the edge of his bed camera propped up probably the same as mine. "I think that plug in would totally work, we should do it again I think it would work. Also your screams during the original were fucking hilarious."

"Leave me alone that was horrible and you know it!"

"I had to lower your audio mid-video because it was a hazard to my hearing. I've never heard you that genuinely scared."

"It was horrid! The terminator was on my ass."

"So you screamed because the terminator was on your ass?" he asked with a seductive smirk.

"Dream, you are so inappropriate." I muttered picking up my phone as a way to defuse the overly sexual situation. We've been dating for over a month now, I don't want to rush anything we haven't even talked about sex even as friends.

"What you said it." he retorted. "You should scream more! It's fun for me."

"*Dream!*"

"Wait I meant-" He started but cut himself off. "I mean if your into that."

"Oh my god, that is not okay and no I will not be the one doing the screaming."

"Oh really now?" he flirted and took a swig of his drink. Jesus this man is going to the death of me. I am trying to not embarrass myself like I always enviably do. In the back of my mine something flipped, he's always the flirty one and I am going to fight fire with fire.

"So you think I'm a bottom?"

Dream tried to speak but what he previously drank made it so all he did was cough and sputter at my words. "Good God." he screeched after his coughing fit. "Yeah your the one doing all the shouting and whining 99% of the time."

"The bdsm test begs to differ."

"The.. *what?!*" he asked.

"Come on you are gay and you have never taken the bdsm test? It's like LGBT bonding culture."

"Sir, this is Wendy's."

I snatched my phone from beside me. "I'm going to send you the link and you are going to take this test."

"Only if you take it too."

I was done with the test in a few minutes and waited for Dream to finish up. He glared into his phone and declared, "This can't be right!"

"The test doesn't lie." I called.

"No, I don't like this."

"Tell me your top 4."

"You first."

"Fine, Experimentalist, Vanilla, Switch, and Voyeur."

"Exhibitionist, Switch, Brat, and Masochist."

"That explains a lot." I mocked.

"Shut up..." He whined crossing his arms. "So your a Voyeur?"

"Isn't that the point of porn?"

"They're not mutually exclusive."

I was silent for a minute, I kind of wanted more for a while now. Dream was so adorable and to be frank smokin' hot. I've never done anything long distance before, this was new territory and

fucking it up is the last thing I want to do. A part of me wants to chicken out change the subject and go back. "Whatever Dream."

"So you like to watch?"

"Dream stop." I whispered. I should have lied about the test and said something else, fuck it, anything else because right now blood is rushing south and I am not ready for that reality.

"What? I'm not allowed to sexy talk to my own boyfriend."

"No it's illegal." I croaked.

"Would you like to watch?" He squeaked in such a small voice I wasn't even sure if I heard it. The train doors were closing fast and I had to make a choice.

"Yeah." I stammered.

He smiled at the Camera, that iconic Dream smirk that was super suggestive and flirty. "Any request?"

"Take it easy buddy, I freak easily."

"Okay okay," He said and my heart raced. I had dated guys before and things got steamy but this was different. Dream knew me like back of his own hand, even if he didn't know specifically he could always tell what I was thinking.

He put his hand in his lap, he palmed at his crotch, his hips stuttered and rocked forward. My eyes were glued to the screen, a small tent might be forming in my pants but I didn't really care about covering it at the moment.

A groan.

I could have probably came in my pants at the sound, his sweet voice but laced with lust. It wasn't even loud, the kind that just slip out.

He looked up at the screen and giggled. "You look so cute." He grinned.

"Are you sure you don't have an Only Fans?" I joked.

"I promise I don't!" he started to pull at the waist band of his jogging pants. "Do you wanna see?"

"Stop teasing."

"Yes or no."

"Yes."

With little teasing motions he pulled down his pants more and more to show a little bit of the shaft. My heart was beating inside my throat, my excitement was kind of getting the better of me and I didn't feel nervous anymore, just... Hungry. But definitely not for food.

He put his hand inside and wrapped it around his cock gingerly then peeled back the pants and let his cock jump up to attention. "Goddamn," I whispered to aloud. It was pretty thick, cut and flushing pink.

He bit his lip and stroked for the base to tip. His eyes rolled back, "Ah," a moan left his lips. "Do you like what you see?"

I could barely respond my dick was definitely hard at this point in time but I was so transfixed on the image before me. "I mean not to be weird but how long."

"I think were past weird," He giggled. "7 and a half."

"Mmmmm," I sighed. "How about some rules or is that-"

He cut me off, "Yes please."

"Only if you agree to them but, how about you don't come unless I say so."

"Mmm God yess," he hissed while giving himself another stroke.

"So pretty."

"Praising is very appreciated."

"You're so good for me Dream, so willing and perfect."

He kept his hand still and rolled his hips, thrusting in and out of his hand. "Keep talking and I won't be lasting long."

"That's why you don't come until you ask very nicely Dream." I reminded him. I slipped my hand beneath my sleep pants and pumped my cock into my hand. "Oh- Fuck! Mmmm-"

"Someone is enjoying themselves."

"Shut up," I shaked out, my dick was painfully hard and I felt a tad bit embarrassed that I was this close this early but seeing Dream made me go nuts. I could practically come untouched from just looking at the show he was putting on for me.

"George!" He shouted, his voice was so smooth and buttery. My name just rolled of his tongue so nicely.

"I wouldn't get too close to the edge, Go over without my permission and I'll be forced to punish you."

"What if I want that?" he said with a devilish smirk.

"I'll make sure you regret- *Oh fuck*." When I wasn't paying attention Dream pulled his shirt up and put it between his teeth. I was dangerous close to orgasm at the sight, the shocks of pleasure running down my spine were intoxicating.

"George, can I please come I promise I'll be good."

"I think you can do better."

"George- fuck, please! Let me come I need it so bad. I need to come, please I need- " he babbled.

"Come for me." I encourage as I stroked myself faster and faster. A string of my name, curses and moans came from the other side of the screen. My vision threatened to white out as I came down from my high.

I sat back in my chair, the exhaustion of being up late and coming was all hitting me at once. I was basking in the afterglow and a little dazed. "Dude." I stated looking at Dream.

He looked almost as bad as me, hazy eyes, messed up hair and a goofy smile. "Yeah."

"I *need* a plane ticket to Florida."

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